LUSUS POETICI.

EDITIO TERTIA,

Emendatior.

LONDINI,

Excudit GULIELMUS BOWYER. MDCCXLVIII.

LUSUS POETICI.

I.

Nuptiæ Bacchi & Ariadnes.

DIVA quæ blandas, Erato, querelas,
Bellaque, & furta, & lacrimas amantum,
Et Dionæis agitata cantas
Pectora curis,

Pollicis docti fugiente pulſu
Suſcita vocem citharæ tacentis,
Et repercuſſis ſocianda prome
Carmina chordis.

Diva, quando os purpureum reſolvis,
Concidunt venti, ſiluere rauci
Fluminum lapſus, placidique rident
Æquora ponti.

Surge, cantemus, Dea. Carmen eſto
Candidi conjux Ariadna Bacchi,
Quæque dotalis radiant Olympo
Aſtra coronæ.

Cyclades ſparſas ubi Naxos inter
Surgit Ægæo redimita ponto,
Litore errabat Ariadna, ſævo
Saucia luctu;

Impius quam vir fideique fallax,
Proditam ſomno per opaca noctis
Fugerat Theſeus, quatiens reductis
Marmora tonſis.

Multa tum ventis nimium ſecundis,
Multa labenti lacrimans carinæ,
Multaque injuſto pelago locuta,
Pectora planxit:

Non

Non caput mitra, aut ſtrophio papillas
Vincta luctantes, teretive gemma.
Crebra neglectum aſſiliens amictum
Unda rigabat.

Lacteo collum cubito reclinis,
Humidos dejecta oculos reſedit,
Ut tener flos, prætereunte languet
Preſſus aratro:

Cum repens aures trepidas tumultus
Impulit, læti ſtrepuere plauſus:
Saxa reſpondent, reſonaſque reddunt
Litora voces.

Jamque adeſt natus Semelæ Joviſque,
Cui ſuus nigris redimit racemis
Pampinus crines, hederæque circum
Tempora ludunt.

Illum

Illum et auriti quatiens aſelli
Terga Silenus, Satyrique ovantes,
Et leves Fauni in numerum moventes
Membra ſequuntur.

Mænadum aſſultat furibunda turba,
Colla queis angues varii pererrant
Lubrico lapſu, innocuiſque lambunt
Pectora linguis.

Ære tinnitus tereti cientur
Striduli: rauca horriſono reclamant
Cornua aſſenſu, reboantque pulſa
Tympana palmis.

At Deus curru invehitur ſupinus
Aureo. frenos moderans Cupido,
Perfidum ridens, agit incitatas
Verbere tigres;

Quæ

Quæ ſimul ſenſere datas habenas,
Litus ad declive ruunt. Puella
Horruit viſis, gelidoque fugit
Sanguis ab ore;
Sanguis ab ore
Terque conatam relevare membra,
Terque delapſam impatiens amator
Mulcet accurrens, teneriſque circum-
plectitur ulnis:

Quidque, Minoi, heu nimium fidelis
Perfido, dixit, quereris marito?
Saxa cur ſævi reſonant recuſſum
Nomen amantis?

Parce jam dilecta Deo puella
Lucidos fletu temerare ocellos.
Parce. præſentem fugiente muta
Conjuge Bacchum.

Ille

Ille ego proles Semelæ Joviſque,
Ille ego æterna nitidus juventa
Te peto. luctum reprime, et ſerenos
Indue vultus.

Nec tuo forma nec honore Theſeo
Vincimur: quantum mea dextra poſſit,
Novit & concuſſa fero Gigantum
Phlegra tumultu:

Novit & ſicco poſitus ſub axe,
Quem rota Titan propiore torret,
Qua ruit ſeptemgemino ſuperbus
Flumine Ganges.

Accipe æterno tibi nexum amore,
Neſcium flecti, aut alia calere,
Qui tuus, gratamque trahens catenam
Serviet uni;

Cumque

Cumque jam formam ſuperes Dearum,
Quod deeſt, annos Dea ſempiternos
Accipe, & nullam metuat ſenectam
Gratia vultus.

Quæque jam neglecta jacet corona,
Quæ novem diſtincta nitet lapillis,
Sueta candentem redimire frontem
Orbe reducto,

Mox novum ſidus veniet ſereno
Additum mundo decus, aſtra puras
Cum faces tollent, fugietque prono
Phœbus Olympo.

Teſtis hæc noſtri tibi ſancta amoris,
Hæc & æterno reditura lapſu
Non meos ignes oriens cadenſve
Arguet unquam.

Dixit.

Dixit. at virgo pariter calentes
Sentiens flammas, gremio rubentem
Condidit vultum, appoſitaque texit
Lumina palla.

Tum Deus ſurſum jaculans coronam
Torſit in cælos. fugit illa dextram,
Et volans ardet, ſubitoſque motu
Concipit ignes.

Inde nocturno reſidens Olympo,
Et memor Bacchi & dominæ, puellis
Proſpicit, fidoſque juvat benignum
Sidus amantes.

II. CAS-

II.

Cassandræ Vaticinium.

HECTOR cum patriæ mœnia linqueret,
Non ſpectandam iterum reſpiciens domum,
Vates haec cecinit plena Deo ſoror,
Diffuſam quatiens comam :

Quo me, Phœbe, rapis? quod video decus?
Unus tot refugos frater agit duces.
Urit flamma rates. purpureum mare
Graio ſanguine tingitur.

Eheu quam rapide gaudia tranſeunt!
Jam cedit Priami verſa acies retro;
Et tu, me miſeram! tu quoque concidis
Crudeli domitus Dea;

Tu Trojæ columen, tu decus & dolor.
Felix pro patria qui moreris tua.
Felix perpetuum cui pariet decus
Carmen Mæonii ſenis.

Omnes Fata trahunt ſerius ocius:
Caligo ſubit, & triſte ſilentium;
Sed vates tenebras diſcutit invidas,
Virtutemque vetat mori.

III.

QUALIS per nemorum nigra ſilentia,
Valleſque irriguas, & virides domos
Serpit fons placidus murmure languido,
Secretum peragens iter;

Flexas

Flexas per patrios circumagens aquas
Paulum ludit agros, & ſinuat fugam,
Donec præcipiti jam pede defluus
Miſcetur gremio maris :

Talis per tacitam devia ſemitam
Ætas diffugiat, non opibus gravis,
Non experta fori jurgia turbidi, aut
Palmæ ſanguineum decus:

Cumque inſtant tenebræ & lux brevis occidit,
Et ludo ſatura & feſſa laboribus
Somni frater iners membra jacentia
Componat gelida manu.

IV.

VIX triſtis dubia luce rubet polus :
Circum cuncta ſilent. Solus ego his vagor
Incerto pede ſilvis,
Et mecum vigilans Amor.

Crudelis fugies Julia? turbido
Credes te pelago? nos fera dividens
Inter ſæviet unda, &
Venti ſpes rapient meas?

Sic, me ſic poteras ludere credulum?
Sic promiſſa cadunt? Ipſa tamen time. &
Venti fallere norunt,
Nec ſervat pelagus fidem.

V. VATI.

V.

Vaticinium Balaami.

QUIS pulſat hoſpes corda furoribus
Commota moeſtis? æſtuat, æſtuat
Mortale pectus, irruentis
Ferre Dei grave pondus impar.

Concuſſa pronis verticibus mihi
Piſgæa rupes annuit: annuit
Sublimis æther, intremuntque
Zipporidæ peritura regna.

Apparet ingens turba patentibus
Diffuſa campis, quot Boreas agit
Hibernus undas, quot ſerenæ
Noctis equos comitantur aſtra.

O quam

O quam tremendum, gens nimium Deo
Dilecta, fulges! ſervat adhuc minas
Sic frons leonis, qui recumbens
Terribili requieſcit ore.

Jam ſævit audax colla minacium
Calcare regum. jam domita ſedet
Tellure victrix. bella ceſſant,
Et ſiluit tremefactus Orbis.

En caſtra longa planitie ſita
Letale rident. En fluitantia
Vexilla ludunt, & per auras
Tela procul metuenda ſurgunt.

Sic qua pererrat fons tacitum nemus,
Nutrita quercus flumine limpido,
Regina ſilvarum, decoros
Erigitur ſpatioſa ramos.

Auditis?

Auditis? ictæ vocibus aſperis
Valles reclamant. Ecce Deus, Deus
Ad arma curſantes ad arma
Concitat, & geminat furorem.

Cerno—ſed unde hæc pectore languido
Luctantur, heu! ſuſpiria? quis dolor
Mentem?—quid injuſſis repente
Sic lacrimis maduere vultus?

O cauſa luctus! O patria! O dies,
Suprema quæ mox advenies mihi!
O ſat ſeverus, parce tandem,
Parce, Parens hominum ac Deorum.

Cur omnia in nos ſpicula dirigas,
Quos umbra ſacri ſola ſupercili
Terret? perimus, fulminantem
Si quatias inimicus haſtam.

Quæ ſaxa, quæ me faucibus inviis
Condent cavernæ? quæ teget hoc caput
  Amica rupes, dum ferocis
    Tranſierit fremitus procellæ?

VI.

Ex Psalmo XXIII.

Me tuos inter numerare, Paſtor
  Summe, dignaris, quibus ipſe virga
Aurea ductor reſeras beati
        Ruris honores.

Paſcimur campis, ubi lene ridet
Florido Natura decora cultu,
Fonſque vitales ſaliente rivo
        Sufficit hauſtus.

Ponar

Ponar in regno glacialis Urſæ,
Nubibus triſtes humeros amicta
Qua ſilet Nox, perpetuiſque durant
Arva pruinis:

Lætus & fidens, duce te, vagabor.
Bruma te donis cumulare diſcet
Non ſuis; te Nox venerata furvas
Contrahet alas.

VII.

Ad Tempus.

O QUI ſeverus falce adamantina
Matura fato deſtruis, & gravi
Frangis ruina quicquid axe
Prætereas, Deus, incitato,

Tu, ſede celſus, dum revolubilem
Torques laborem, dura Neceſſitas
Auriga in æternos recurſus
Flectit equos volucremque currum:

Obſcura cæco Secla ſilentio,
Dieſque plumis verſicoloribus,
Annique, volventeſque Menſes
Fulmineum comitantur axem:

Tecum alta Virtus laurigeram ſedet
Decora frontem, & filia Veritas,
Cui vultus immortale fulgens
Purpureo radiatur igni:

Injurioſa ne citus orbita
Vertas columnam, quam tenuis labor
Struxit Camœnæ. parce curru,
Parce gravi metuende telo.

Et tu ſuperbo vertice flammeas
Surgens in arces, mille ſonantibus
Accincta pennis, & parentis
Pone volans rapidos jugales,

Duc, Fama, puri per ſpatia ætheris,
Duc me inſolenti tramite, nobilem
Tentare inacceſſos profanis
Invidiæ pedibus receſſus.

Surgo, vetuſtis pervia vatibus
Calcatur ardens ſemita, qua LYRA,
Audita ſilvis montibuſque,
Igne tremit ſimulante chordas.

Hoc, Diva, noſtrum barbiton ocius
Suſpende cœlo. luceat omnibus,
Sedeſque complexum ſecundas
Emeritis requieſcat aſtris.

Quid mente vanus concipis æthera?
Quo vota fundis quidlibet impotens
  Sperare? pro fallax voluptas!
    Heu ſine Diis animoſe vates!

Te ſurda præterlabitur orbita.
Avertit alas Fama. ſupervenit
  Nox atra caligante vultu, et
    Nube ſedens taciturnus Horror.

Sic flexuoſi margine fluminis
Cycnus recumbit carmina dividens:
  Mox Fata, nil mollita cantu,
    Ora premunt liquidamque vocem.

VIII. Ad

VIII.

Ad Ventos.

Ante A. D. MDCCXXVII.

VATIS Threicii nunc citharam velim,
Vociſque illecebras blanda furentibus
Dantis jura procellis,
Mulcentis pelagi minas.

Venti tam rapido turbine conciti,
Qua vos cumque vagus detulerit furor,
Claſſis vela Britannæ
Tranſite innocui, precor.

Ultores ſcelerum claſſis habet deos,
Et pubem haud timidam pro patria mori.
En ut lintea circum
Virtus excubias agit.

Et nobis faciles parcite, & hoſtibus.
Concurrant pariter cum ratibus rates:
Spectent Numina ponti, et
Palmam qui meruit, ferat.

IX.

Insula Beatorum.

Ex Pindari Olymp. II.

IGNOTA noſtris ſideribus jacet
Sedes, beato quæ recipit ſinu
Sanctoſque vates, quique læti
Pro patria oppetiere mortem;

Quam vaſta Nereus brachia porrigens
Immenſus ambit fluctibus inviis,
Terraſque mortaleſque gentes
Horriſonis procul arcet undis.

Vernus pererrat prata Favonius,
Leni ſuſurro per tremulum nemus
Spirans, odoratoſque pennis
Diſcutit irriguis liquores.

Surgunt per agros undique roſcidos
Flores, amicti mille coloribus,
Solique gemmas explicantes
Dulce nitent radiante vultu:

Aut penduli ex arboribus ſacris
Blande reclinant aureolum caput,
Aut conſiti vernante ripa
Stagna colunt gelidoſque fontes.

His gens dolorum neſcia, vividum
Nectens lacertis & capiti decus,
Incedit immortale fulgens,
Perpetua viridis juventa.

ANA-

X.

Anacreontis Carm. XI.

LASCIVÆ mihi recinunt puellæ,
Urgeris ſenio, miſelle vates.
Attolle hoc ſpeculum tremente dextra.
Mutatumne vides Anacreonta?
Cani temporibus nitent. comarum
Frontem deſeruit decorus ordo.
Urgeris ſenio, miſelle vates.
Nec novi, neque noſſe vel doceri
An deſint, volo, manſerintve crines.
Hoc novi bene; Nulla concitatæ
Pars debet minima interire vitæ.
Mox tantum exiguus cinis jacebo,
Oblitus citharam, jocos, amores.
Ergo continuas agam choreas
Mixtus candidulis ſenex puellis.

Fuſi

Fuſi ſub tacita bibamus umbra.
Ornent purpureæ caput corollæ.
Ludamus. hodie libet, licetque.
Multam Fata brevi dabunt quietem.

XI.

Anacreontis Carm. III.

TEMPUS erat quo blanda quies mortalibus ægris
Incubat, & mulcet pectora feſſa ſopor,
Frigida quum tardi vertuntur plauſtra Bootæ,
Et bigas medio Nox agit atra polo.
Conſtitit ante fores, atque oſtia clauſa Cupido
Impulit audaci terque quaterque manu.
Quis placidos, clamo, pergit mihi rumpere ſomnos?
Ne metuas, aperi, ſum puer, inquit Amor.
Solve fores; erro per opaca ſilentia noctis,
Verberat & læſas nixque notuſque genas.

Quem non illa Dei potuiſſent verba movere?
  Excutio, accenſa lampade, poſte ſeram.
Aſpicio puerum pharetramque arcuſque gerentem;
  Concuſſa aligeris tela ſonant humeris.
Frigore pallentem miſeror totumque rigentem,
  Et ſtatuo medium ſedulus ante focum.
Officioſa manus refovet digitoſque ſinuſque,
  Et multo madidas exprimit imbre comas.
Ille tremor poſtquam candentia membra reliquit,
  Et rediit teneræ viſque calorque manu,
Experiamur, ait, chordam an mihi læſerit imber,
  Utilis an tractum poſſit, ut ante, ſequi.
Protinus adducto coierunt cornua nervo,
  Perque meum pectus pulſa ſagitta venit.
Exſiliit, plauſitque manus crudele renidens,
  Lætaque dimovit talibus ora ſonis;
Gaude mecum, hoſpes: ſalvi mihi nervus & arcus;
  Hoc te, ni fallor, ſaucia corda docent.

XII. Ex

XII.

Ex Anthologia.

MITTO tibi hæc, Rodoclea, virentia ſerta virenti:
Texuit hæc ſolo docta ab Amore manus,
Narciſſumq. roſamq. legens, mollemq. anemonem, et
Candida cœruleis lilia cum violis.
Indue et hæc, et mitem animum: florem eſſe memento,
Pulcrior his qui ſit, forſitan et brevior.

XIII.

Perseus.

Ex Simonide.

NOCTE ſub obſcura, verrentibus æquora ventis,
Quum brevis immenſa cymba nataret aqua,
Multa gemens Danaë ſubjecit brachia nato,
Et teneræ lacrimis immaduere genæ.

Tu tamen ut dulci, dixit, pulcerrime, ſomno
  Obrutus, et metuens triſtia nulla, jaces!
Quamvis, heu quales cunas tibi concutit unda,
  Præbet et incertam pallida Luna facem,
Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,
  Et prope, ſubſultans, irrigat ora liquor.
Nate, meam ſentis vocem? Nil cernis et audis,
  Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei;
Nec mihi purpureis effundis blæſa labellis
  Murmura, nec notos confugis uſque ſinus.
Care, quieſce, puer, ſævique quieſcite fluctus,
  Et mea qui pulſas corda, quieſce, dolor.
Creſce, puer; matris leni atque ulciſcere luctus,
  Tuque tuos ſaltem protege, ſumme Tonans.

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XIV.

Inscriptionis Fragmentum.

D. M.

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. . . .

QVAE. TE. SVB. TENERA. RAPVERVNT. PAETA. IVVENTA.
O. VTINAM. ME. CRVDELIA. FATA. VOCENT.
VT. LINQVAM. TERRAS. INVISAQVE. LVMINA. SOLIS,
VTQVE. TVVS. RVRSVM. CORPORE. SIM. POSITO.
TV. CAVE. LETHAEO. CONTINGVAS. ORA. LIQVORE.
ET. CITO. VENTVRI. SIS. MEMOR. ORO. VIRI.
TE. SEQVAR. OBSCVRVM. PER. ITER. DVX. IBIT. EVNTI.
FIDVS. AMOR. TENEBRAS. LAMPADE. DISCVTIENS.

XV.

AN TOTI MORIMUR, NULLAQUE PARS MANET NOSTRI?

TENE, Anima infelix, duræ inclementia Mortis
Exſpectat, gelidique æterna ſilentia Somni?
Fruſtra cœleſtes aditus, fruſtraque penates
Suſpicis immenſos, et concipis æthera votis,
Si lex dura negat, ſi ferrea Fata repugnant.

Primùm ergo te colluſtra, teque excute totam;
Forſitan introrſum latitans educere verum,
Et reperire queas quæ ſis, atque unde creata.
Aut tu materies, aut tu ſubſtantia ſimplex,
Aut quædam harmonia es junctis ex partibus orta,
Quam gignunt ordo, motus, poſitura, figura.
Quod ſi materia es, tibi ſunt Elementa parentes,
Inde genus ducens, illuc poſt fata redibis.

Si

Si ſola harmonia es, torpor cum languidus inſtat,
Vitaliſque calor pallentes deſerit artus,
Offuſæque oculis nubes, & murmure triſti
Spiritus incertas exit tenuatus in auras,
Occidis, & non es cura revocabilis ulla.
Ut lyra, ſi ſcindas nervoſque ipſamque minutim,
Nil quamvis prorſus pereat, lyra deſinit eſſe,
Suavia nec reſponſa dabit, ſi Delius ipſe
Admoveatque manum, geminaſque exerceat artes.
Si verò ſimplex mavis ſubſtantia dici,
Omnia fortè potes durando vincere ſæcla;
Eveniatque utinam. tamen heu! tamen anxia mentem
Suſpicio quatit, & dubitandi gignitur æſtus.
Nam qui, quæſo, poteſt ſentire, vigere, moveri,
Quod nec habet formam, quod nec ſpatium occupat ullum?
Præterea, unde tibi tali cum corpore diſpar
Conjugium? citius miſcebitur æthere tellus,

Serpentes

Serpentes avibus jungentur, piſcibus agni.
Deinde, ubi ſumma dies nudavit tegmine demto,
Nulla tibi ſenſus datur exercere poteſtas;
Et quid tum præcluſa juvat te janua Leti,
Si leve neſcio quid, prorſuſque intactile reſtas,
Tenuius & ventis, & vaneſcentibus umbris,
Nec melius ſpatio inſolido, quod Inane vocamus?

Hei mihi! lege rata, Sol occidit atque reſurgit,
Lunaque mutatæ reparat diſpendia formæ,
Aſtraque, purpurei telis extincta Diei,
Rurſus, nocte, vigent: humiles telluris alumni,
Graminis herba virens, & florum picta propago,
Quos crudelis Hiems letali tabe peredit,
Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat, rediitque ſereni
Temperies anni, fœcundo e ceſpite ſurgunt.
Nos domini rerum, nos magna & pulcra minati,
Cum breve ver vitæ, robuſtaque tranſiit æſtas,

Deficimus,

Deficimus, nec nos ordo revolubilis auras
Reddit in ætherias, tumuli nec clauſtra reſolvit.

Sed tamen illa quies nullis obnoxia curis:
Non illic Morbi, Luctuſque, Iræque, Minæque,
Et Dolor, & Metus, & nunquam ſatiata Cupido,
Et Furor, & ſtrictum quatiens Diſcordia ferrum,
Non maleſuada Fames, et Egeſtas obſita pannis,
Non Odium, et ſemper Virtuti Livor iniquus,
Non Dolus, & falſo Mendacia perfida vultu.
Nox urget, placidiſque Sopor ſuperincubat alis.

Diſce ergo, tranquilla, pati, quæ Dædala rerum
Impoſuit Natura, & ineluctabile Fatum.
Omnes una premit Sors, omnibus imminet una.
Quæcunque orbis habet, tacito labentia motu,
Haurit hians avidamque Chaos demergit in alvum.
Ille etiam mundum igniferis qui luſtrat habenis,
Communes patitur morbos; volventibus annis,

 Vix

Vix aget effœtos, ſenio gravis ipſe, jugales ;
Longa dies nitidos tinget ferrugine vultus,
Seque ſuis tandem conſument ſidera flammis.
At tu multa moves, multumque, inſana, laboras,
Scilicet ut ſtabiles rerum tranſcendere metas
Sic poſſis, victrixque virum volitare per ora.
Heu ſpes fallaces hominum ! quam incerta breviſque
Poſt mortem vita eſt, vanæ & vox garrula Famæ !
Sunt & nominibus, ſunt & ſua fata ſepulcris.
Muſa diu ſeſe & Virtus longæva tuentur ;
His etiam ſerum inducent Oblivia velum.

Decipimur ſpecie recti ; ſic devia paſſu
Mens labat incerto, ſic nos temerarius Error
Ludit, et incautos mendaci lumine ducit.
Tu ſemper fulges, divinæ particula auræ ;
Igneus ille tuus vigor & cœleſtis origo
Deformem Leti faciem, tenebraſque ſilentes
Ridet, & æternæ ſpondet tibi ſæcula vitæ.

Inde

Inde tibi auguriumque & ſpes præſaga futuri ;
Inde boni rectique amor, & reverentia Cœli,
Ingeniumque rapax, ſubitum, verſatile, vaſtum,
Diſcurrens ultra flammantia mœnia mundi,
Omnia complectens, perque omnia ſæcula vadens.
Quicquid es, es certe ſimplex duntaxat, & una,
Collecta in tete, atque interno prædita motu.
Non habet has dotes ignobile pondus inertis
Materiæ, conſtans ex partibus infinitis.
Aut tu tuta manes, viviſque invicta per ævum ;
Aut mundum Caſus Fortunaque cæca creavit,
Quo nihil a vera magis eſt ratione remotum.

Aſpice terrarum tractus, & ſidera cœli,
Florenteſque agros, immenſaſque æquoris undas :
Hos tibi terrarum tractus Natura creavit,
Has tibi lucentes ſuſpendit in æthere flammas,
Et fluvios duxit, campoſque extendit aquarum,
Prataque purpureis pinxit viridantia gemmis.

Poſtquam diſcuſſis fulſit lux prima tenebris,
Et ſibi commiſſos junxit Sol impiger axes,
Aſtraque fixa polo, Lunæque argenteus orbis,
Nocte, ſuas habuere vices, ſua regna, ſilenti,
Erranteſque novas ſtellæ duxere choreas,
Terraque formoſum ridens, et flabilis aër,
Et pontus, fluviique ſuos cepere colonos,
Felices, lætoſque, etſi rationis egentes,
Magnus rerum Opifex mundi primordia circum-
Aſpexit, placido collaudans omnia vultu.
Tunc operi finem imponens, e pectore fudit
Fœcundas voces, Animamque exiſtere juſſit.
Juſſerat, & ſubito tu, præſtantiſſima rerum,
Ante Deum ſtabas; cui ſic Pater ore ſereno:
Dulcis progenies, æternæ Mentis imago,
I, pete terreſtres oras, tibi credita regna,
Formoſumque habita corpus, formoſior hoſpes.
Quæ ſit origo tibi, qua ſis reditura, memento.

Nil

Nil in te Mors juris habet, victricia quamvis
Arma ſonent dextra, quamvis auguſta triumphis
Incedat, vultuque & cuſpide terreat orbem.
Sperne minas Fati, Noctiſque inamabile regnum.
Annuit Omnipotens. ſparſi per inane profundum
Intremuere orbes, et inhorruit ultimus æther.

Ergo cum fragiles artus et vincla reſolvit
Mortis amica manus, Mens ilicet ignea ſurſum
Exſilit, & patriæ quærit regionis honores.
Exſilit, alta petens, motiſque per aëra pennis,
Cœlum adit, & læto circumdata lumine, gaudet
Divorumque domos, ſacraſque reviſere ſedes,
Quas neque contriſtant imbres, nec fulmina vexant,
Nec frigus penetrat, nec Sirius ardor adurit,
Nec venti audaces violant, nec nubila velant.
Illic caſtus Amor nullis infecta venenis
Spargere tela ſolet: Puero Concordia dulcis,
Innocuæque Voluptates, & Gaudia pura

Acce-

Accedunt comites, quales non ſplendida vatum
Somnia finxerunt, non Ætas aurea vidit.

At ſi tetra lues vitiorum ſtigmate denſo
Turpavitque Animam, & ſævi vis noxia morbi
Remigium alarum infregit, pennaſque revulſit,
Non datur in ſuperas rurſum conſcendere ſedes:
Sed ruit in præceps; raptam vertigine cæca
Turbo ferox procul ignotas propellit in oras,
Multa timens ubi, multa gemens, per ſæcula longa
Exſul, inops, errat, variis exercita pœnis.

O Anima, immortale vigens, cognataque cœlo,
Juſta ſequi pravoque ſciens ſecernere rectum,
Tene tui oblitam fœdis ſuccumbere monſtris?
Te ſtolido obcæcat veſana Superbia faſtu;
Segnities te lenta premit; te blanda Voluptas
Impuro tenet amplexu; te pallida curis
Torquet Avaritia, & ſtimulos ſub pectore verſat.

Excute

Excute tot turpes dominos, tuaque aſſere jura.
Ut leo captivus, quem blandimenta minæque
Ire ſub imperium indigni docuere magiſtri,
Si ſemel effractis ſubtraxit colla catenis,
Liber amat ſilvas, neſcitque ad vincla reverti.
Carpe viam, abrupto qua tendit in ardua tractu
Semita Virtutis. viden' ut te Gloria frontem
Lauro cincta vocet, ſacroſque oſtendat honores,
Et Pater ipſe alto ſpectans hortetur Olympo?
Viribus indigenis pollens, ſurge, exſere vires,
Quas tibi larga manu tribuit Natura benignâ.
Aſpice nativo fulgentem lumine gemmam:
Concolor illa diu matrique ſimillima terræ,
Obſcuras abſcondit opes ingloria, donec
Paſſa manum artificem, curaque polita fideli,
Exuit ingratos vultus, atque ore ſuperbo
Mille faces vibrat, vario ſplendore coruſcans.

XVI.

Terra movetur circum Solem.

UNDE per ætherias Tellus revolubilis oras,
Fixo Sole, ruat, nulloque errore priores
Evolvat curſus, notumque recolligat orbem,
Pandere fert animus, cauſaſque aperire latentes.

Lucifero ſolitus curru dare jura diei
Phœbus, & immotam rutila face cingere terram,
Infauſtis cedens precibus Phaëthontis, habenas
Tradiderat puero, et fatales frontis honores.
Hunc genitor Divorum ignarum artiſque viæque,
Errantemque polo, & ſpargentem incendia ſæva
Perculit, iratos jaculatus nubibus ignes.
At pater extinctum crudeli funere natum
Flebat ad Eridani ripas, gemituſque ciebat,
Quem circum Deus ipſe loci, centumque Sorores

Vana

Vana ferunt Nymphæ ingentis ſolatia luctus
Optanti æternos leto finire dolores.
Odit equos, odit cingentes tempora flammas,
Officiumque negat mundo, curruſque recuſat;
Multaque conqueſtus; non ſic tamen, hei mihi! nate,
Occideris. ſurges æterna fronde decorus,
Unde ſibi ſacri velabunt tempora vates,
Nec metues iras inimicaque tela Tonantis:
Jamque dies aderit, tibi cum pulcerrima virgo
Addet ſe ſociam, folioque vireſcet eodem.
Dixerat, & corpus perfuſum nectare creſcit
Non poſitura comas, & tuta a fulmine Laurus.

Jupiter, obſcuro quum cœlum horrore lateret,
Nec quiſquam acciperet vacuas rectoris habenas,
Ingemuit, nimioſque ignis jam paſſa furores
Noluit æterna damnari ſæcula nocte.
Ergo globum ingentem fingit, radiiſque ſerenat,
Et circumfuſo candentem lumine veſtit.

Hunc medium juſſit fixum immotumque manere;
Terram autem inſolito diſcentem currere motu
Solis obire vices, & eodem in tramite volvi.
Illa emiſſa Dei dextra volat æthere vaſto,
Pulſa, minata fugam; ſed vi majore retenta
Imperium agnoſcit Solis, trahiturque, trahitque.
Scilicet has leges & mutua fœdera Divum
Impoſuit genitor. maneant in ſæcula longa,
Nec peritura ruat tellus per inane profundum.

Ex illo cœli convexa reliquit Apollo,
Ætheriaſque domos, patrii monumenta doloris.
Florentes habitat campos, ſilvaſque, pererrans
Pindum & fluminibus ſacris reſonantia Tempe:
Qua tremula admoto percurrens pollice fila
Temperat, & fallit divino carmine curas.
Inde pios audit vates, mentemque capacem
Addit, & ingenti Muſarum incendit amore.

XVII. Ad

XVII.

Ad GEORGIUM II.

A. D. MDCCXXVII.

PRINCIPIBUS proavis, & ſanguine nobilis alto,
Ipſe tuæ gentis ſummum decus, inclite GEORGI,
Aggredere, O magnos, dignum te pondus, honores,
Vota inter, ſpes et populorum, et gaudia feſta.

Te videt, et procul ire graves jubet Anglia luctus;
Te duce, proſpectat vel non ingloria pacis
Otia, vel juſto quæſitos Marte triumphos.
Te circum adfuſæ, Virtutum candida turba,
Cœleſtes formæ exſultant. Stat Gloria cuſtos
Invidiam auguſti vultus ſplendore repellens.

I, dilecte Heros, pulcriſque laboribus inſta:
Regna vocant, vocat & regnis gravis addita cura;

Magna tamen merces. Tibi præſcia Muſa futuri
Fatorum pandit decreta, urgetque volentem,
Grande decus ſpondens, & iturum in ſæcula nomen.
Illa etiam viridi ſecum tibi ſola ſub antro
Serta legens ſedet, & cincturas tempora lauros.

Ætherios ſupra tractus, ubi candida denſis
Sideribus placido Via Lactea lumine ridet,
Stat domus alta, ingens, æternæ regia Famæ.
Semidei Heroes habitant, & nomina ſacra,
Quique olim in ferrum pro libertate ruebant,
Splendidaque ob patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi,
Et multum fleti reges, qui æquiſſima blandi
Jura dedere ſuis, quique impia bella moventeis
Fregerunt populos, metuendi ultricibus armis.
Lux veſtit complexa viros, lauroque virenti
Atque intertexta velantur tempora quercu.

Fatorum hic cælata manu ſtant ordine longo
Quæ vidit prior aut ætas ventura videbit,
Quæcunque oſtendunt labentia ſæcula terris,
Digna Deæ templo, & laudes habitura perennes.

Georgius has ſedes mortalia ſceptra relinquens
Aſcendit, Divoſque petit gratiſſimus hoſpes.
I, ſequere, & lege, Muſa, tui veſtigia regis,
Qua lux ſignat iter, qua ſemita clara refulget,
Flammarumque vides longos albeſcere tractus.

Magnanimi Heroes, quos Anglica terra triumphis
Nota tulit, Gallo reſperſi ſanguine lauros
Edwardi, belloque & pace illuſtris Eliza,
Cuique dedit meritum ſervata Britannia ſceptrum,
Occurrunt venienti, & ſacra in ſede reponunt.
Circum ſculpta videt laudum monumenta ſuarum;
Cæſareamque aciem, & primis ſe cernit in armis
Fulgentem, & refugo pallentes agmine Turcas:

Tum

Tum Britonum domito labentes æquore claſſes,
Quaque ruens pontus Calpæam verberat oram,
Quaque ſub imperio gelidæ jacet horridus Urſæ.
Proxima lucenti ſurgens adamante columna
Nati facta refert, doctoque inciſa labore
Eventus magnos gerit, et felicia regna.
Huc avidus mentemque pater et lumina vertit.
Aſſertum pelagi imperium, claroſque triumphos,
Argumentum ingens, luſtrat, Tameſinque ſuperbum
Gratantem reduces blando cum murmure claſſes.
Tum videt ut leges idem juſtiſſimus auctor
Condis et obſervas: blandum Pax aurea vultum
Erigit, adſurgunt Artes, dominamque ſalutant.
Audax interea pelagoque adſueta juventus
Extra ſolis iter poſitas adit hoſpita gentes,
Et mutat merces, et mutua fœdera jungit.
Ipſe minas ponit, placiduſque arridet alumnis
Oceanus pater, et dextra propellit euntes.

Hæc

Hæc videt, et fruitur venturo lætus honore,
Explerique nequit Pater, atque ingentia nati
Confert acta ſuis; confert, cedenſque ſuperbit,
Te minor, & grato gaudet certamine vinci.

XVIII.

An Hymn to Harmony.

In the manner of Spenser.

QUEEN of ſweet numbers and reſiſtleſs ſound,
Which can the ſoul with pleaſing force enthrall,
And hold the thoughts in deep attention bound,
And bid th'obedient paſſions riſe and fall,
All-pow'rful Harmony! on thee I call:
From dark oblivion I thy deeds would raiſe;
O tune my lyre, and help my feeble lays!

As yet this world no being-place had found:
Wild Chaos rul'd, and ſable-veſted Night,
Whilſt jarring Atoms through the vaſt profound,
By Chance and Diſcord led to doubtful fight,
Strove with tumultuous rage and reſtleſs might;
  Till HARMONY and LOVE compos'd the fray,
  And chas'd the ſhades of ancient Night away.

Love, whoſe approach the darkneſs dares not bide,
Shot from his ſtarry eyes ten thouſand rays:
She to the chords her ſofteſt touch apply'd,
Then louder gan the ſwelling notes to raiſe,
And ſung fair Peace, and beauteous Order's praiſe.
  Her voice ſweet ſounded through the boundleſs deep,
  And all was calm, and all did ſilence keep.

The liſt'ning Atoms ſtraight forgot their hate,
And pleas'd, yet wond'ring at their change, they ſtood;
Strange force of ſounds ſuch fury to abate!
Then each with fond embrace the other woo'd,
And each eternal peace and union vow'd.
  Love bound them nothing loath in laſting chains,
  And o'er them all his willing ſubjects reigns.

Then yon bright orb began to roll aſkance,
His courſe eſſaying through th' Ecliptic way,
And wand'ring ſtars to move in myſtic dance,
And ſkies their azure volumes to diſplay;
Then gan the earth to ſmile in fair array,
  And new-born man with wonder and delight
  Gaz'd all around him on the beauteous ſight.

This work perform'd, the Goddeſs took her flight,
Winging the wide-expanded fields of air,
To her own native place, the realms of light,
Where dwell the Gods devoid of grief and care.
Around her golden throne they all repair,
  Enwrapp'd in ſilent tranſport, while ſhe ſings
  Sweet lays reſponſive to the trembling ſtrings.

Yet thence, though rarely, the celeſtial gueſt
Deigns to deſcend, unſeen of mortal eyn,
And gently glides into the poet's breaſt:
She comes; and lo! he feels the pow'r divine,
New Images begin to riſe and ſhine,
  Keeping due meaſure, moving hand in hand,
  And ſober Judgment leads the ſprightly band.

Such was Calliopé's unhappy ſon,
Whoſe tuneful harp could ſooth the ſavage kind,
And bid deſcending ſtreams forget to run.
Poor youth! no charms in muſic could he find,
His bride twice loſt, to eaſe his loveſick mind,
  When hid beneath the hoary cliffs he lay
  On Strymon's banks, and mourn'd his life away.

Such was the eyeleſs Greek, great ſacred name!
Who ſnatch'd the ſon of Thetis from the grave,
And hung his arms high in the houſe of Fame,
Victorious ſtill, Time's envious pow'r to brave,
While ſuns ariſe and ſeek the weſtern wave.
  Such he who in Sicilia's flow'ry plains
  Tun'd to the oaten reed his Doric ſtrains.

And he who ſung the frantic rule of Chance,
Leaving no room for Wiſdom and for Choice,
And built the world with atoms drove aſkance,
Theme all unworthy of a ſkilful voice :
And Mantua's Swan, whoſe clearer notes rejoice
Th' enraviſh'd ear, ſo graceful he relates
Flocks, fields, and ſwains, and fierce contending [ſtates.

And, like the Greek in fate and in renown,
Britannia's poet, born in latter days,
Whoſe brow new wreaths and flow'rs celeſtial crown;
Who ſung man's hapleſs fall, and Angels frays;
And, bold to venture through untrodden ways,
Explor'd the ſecrets of the frowning Night,
And ſoar'd above the ſtars with daring flight.

Nor

Nor ſhall my partial ſong leave thee unſaid,
Worthy to mix with this harmonious band,
Thee, gentle Spenſer, whom the Muſes led
Through Fancy's painted realms and Fairy land,
Where Vice and Virtue all embody'd ſtand,
 Where uſeful truths in fair diſguiſe appear,
 And more is underſtood than meets the ear.

Come, condeſcending Goddeſs, and impart
A mild aſſiſtance to an aking breaſt;
Exert the force of thy propitious art;
If thou be preſent, who can be diſtreſt?
Pain ſeems to ſmile, and Sorrow is at reſt;
 The thoughts in mad diſorder ceaſe to roll,
 And ſtill ſerenity o'erſpreads the ſoul.

By thee the youth encourag'd nought to fear,
'Sdeigning ignoble eaſe and mean repoſe,
Meets the ſwift fury of the threat'ning ſpear,
And follows Glory through an hoſt of foes.
Nor canſt thou not the din of arms compoſe:
  Thou mak'ſt the God of war forſake the field,
  And drop his lance, and lay aſide his ſhield.

Thou know'ſt, in pleaſing, how to wound the mind,
Surpris'd, unguarded, and to Love betray'd.
Alas! why art thou to that Impe ſo kind,
That pow'rful Impe in heav'n and earth obey'd?
His ſhafts ſtrike deep, and want no other aid.
  Deep ſtrike his ſhafts, unerring in their aim,
  And his torch burns with unextinguiſh'd flame.

Theſe are thy triumphs, Goddeſs, this thy might,
Faintly deſcrib'd in far unequal lays.
Me all unmeet fond hopes did ſtill incite,
Ambitious by thy name my verſe to raiſe,
And find thy favour whilſt I ſung thy praiſe.
O ſmile on theſe endeavours, heav'nly Maid!
Sweet is the toil, if with thy ſmile repay'd.

XIX.

TH' ambitious Muſe with early-daring flight
Spurn'd the dull neſt, and ventur'd into light;
Yet even then, not fondly indiſcreet,
She burnt a volume where ſhe ſpar'd a ſheet;
Dwelt with the authors of the golden age,
And ſtole ſome beauties from the Claſſic page;

In

In modern verſe would willingly have ſhone,
And read Pope's poems; and deſtroy'd her own;
Suffer'd no peeviſh lines to ſee the day;
Spleen oft compos'd what Candour threw away;
Nor wrong'd herſelf, nor wrong'd another's name,
Too proud to fawn, too honeſt to defame;
Remote and ſhelter'd, in the paths ſhe choſe,
From fooliſh friends and formidable foes.

FINIS.